

VOLUME XXV.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

NUMBER 634.

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AN EFFECT MISSED.

*He*: I SHOT HIM IN THE ROCKIES.  
*She*: WHAT FIERCE EYES HE HAD!  
*He*: OH, THEY ARE ONLY GLASS.  
*She*: I SEE. YOU HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF HIM.

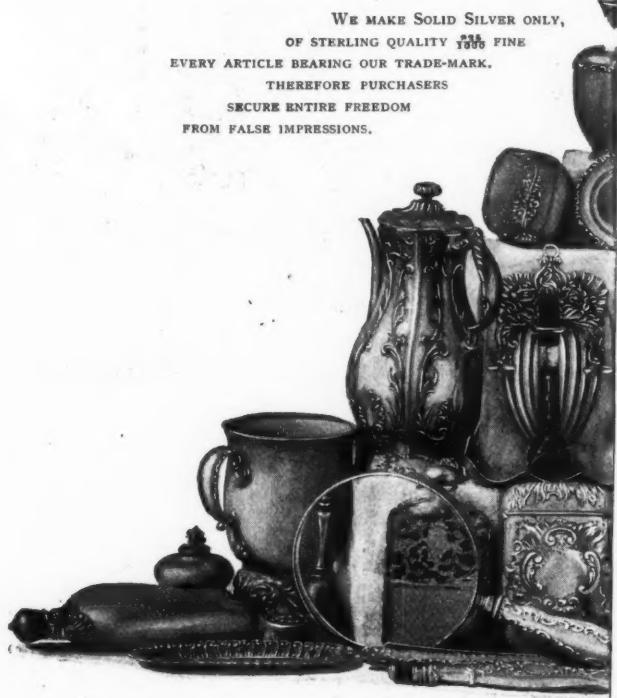
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VOLUME XXV.

# LIFE.

NUMBER 634.



A FEBRUARY DREAM.

#### A CHEERFUL SIDE.

**H**E: When I was out West, I saw a man hanged.  
**SHE:** Wasn't it a terrible sight?

**HE:** I don't know. He used to be a gripman on a cable car.

#### A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

**BINKS:** Did I understand you to say that Swillem rushed the growler at Old Soak's funeral?

**WINKS:** Not at all. I remarked that he helped carry the bier.



"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. XXV. FEBRUARY 21, 1895. No. 634.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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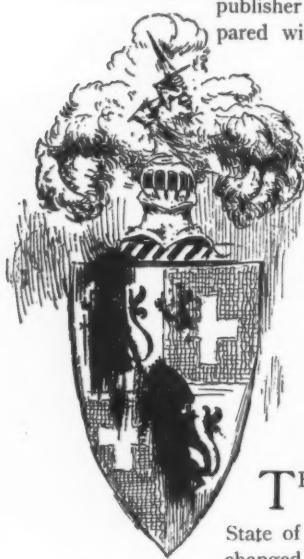


**A**S we write the *Gascogne* is more than eight days overdue, and there is strong ground for the belief that she will never come to port. There is horror enough in these marine disasters without the sufferings of waiting relatives and friends being increased by the ghoulish propensities of some of our daily newspapers. We do not know just how many dollars and cents of profit there are for a newspaper publisher in the issuing of a so-called "Extra." The amount can not be large. On Sunday, the 10th, the quiet of the afternoon, all over New York, was broken by hoarse yells of "Extra! Extra! All about the *Gascogne*!" To the waiting ones who for a week had been suffering the horrors of suspense, the cry came as a messenger of hope. The paltry profit of the newspaper publisher seems infinitesimal when compared with the agony of disappointment which met those who purchased the "Extra" only to learn that all the news about the *Gascogne* it contained was that there was no news whatever.

This "Extra" fraud is a favorite one with some New York newspapers, and when it concerns only a prize-fight or a popular election, it affects only those who are foolish enough not to learn by experience. When it invades the sacred precincts of grief and bereavement it becomes a disgrace and should be made a crime.

\* \* \*

**T**HIS calls to mind an effort that is making by the newspapers of the State of New York to have the libel laws changed so that it shall be very much easier than it is for them to escape the consequences of libelling people.



As the law stands the redress for a blasted reputation or any of the other evils that disreputable newspapers so frequently and recklessly work is none too easy. The present law may bear too hard on the few journals conducted uprightly and carefully, but this seems one of those cases where the good must suffer with the bad. Besides, if a publisher knows his business, exercises due diligence and inspires his employees with his own honesty of purpose, he would not very often be made to suffer under the law as it stands. The others deserve all they can be made to suffer and more too.

\* \* \*



**W**HOM shall succeed the late Mr. McAllister? Or is there really no successor needed? New York Society has improved considerably since the days of Sexton Brown and it is quite possible that with the added culture conveyed by Mr. McAllister it is now able to toddle alone.

Most of its members now know too much to eat with their knives, and fewer of them than formerly drink out of the finger-bowls. It might be well for it to make the experiment of going it alone, leaving the duties of its former guides and mentors to various stationers and caterers who are presumably competent. These, with a few policemen in plain clothes to keep out those of us who from choice or necessity are outside the fence, would doubtless enable the experiment to be made successfully. In case LIFE notes any pronounced decadence from the present high standard it will suggest a new leader who will have all the *conveniences* at his fingers' tips.

\* \* \*



**L**IFE hopes that Mayor Schieren has the power to punish those police justices in Brooklyn who sided with the rioters, and that he will use it to the full extent. Recent developments show that most of the rioting during the Brooklyn strike was done not by the strikers themselves but by "sympathizers." This latter class includes every hoodlum, idler, tramp, criminal and mischievous boy who finds profit or pleasure in disorder. They were arrested in large numbers only to be discharged without punishment by police justices who care more for their political solidarity than for their official oaths or the security of the communities they have sworn to protect.

HE ENVIED THEM.

"SCIENTISTS say that there are microbes in kisses," said Miss Kittish to Mr. Hunker.

"Happy microbes!" exclaimed the young man, ecstastically.

A CURIOUS sociological fact.—That the Old Girl frequently develops into the New Woman.



AN ILL WIND BLOWS A COPY OF A WOMAN'S PAPER INTO THE WILDS OF AFRICA AND MRS. GORILLA DISCOVERS THAT SHE HAS RIGHTS.

THE IRON INSTRUMENT.

DO not condemn this man; he is happy, but his brow is yielding to the iron instrument whose record is not easily effaced.

A young girl knelt beside a man who loved his own conception of the beautiful. She knelt and reached out both her hands to him. He lifted them sadly to his lips.

"Oh, you dear little thing," he murmured, "if you were not so nearly beautiful." Her forehead was not broad enough, he thought, for perfect beauty.

"I shall be beautiful," she said, and took up an iron instrument that could be made to broaden foreheads or to narrow them. When she first put it on she almost fainted with the pain of it, but she told herself, "We must suffer to be beautiful for those we love." And yet her love denied all suffering.

Because the instrument was his, she loved to wear it. She was happy through the blinding days while hairsbreadth after hairsbreadth her strong, firmly knit young brow yielded and was

moulded into his belief of perfect form. And ever she repeated to herself, "We must suffer to be beautiful for those we love." And ever love denied the suffering.

"You are beautiful," he said at last. "I am very proud of you,—and yet I wish—I wish you did not look as if you had led an unhappy life. I know that you are happy. I have done everything to make you beautiful and perfect, and I know that I have made you happy, and yet you have the look of a woman who has conquered suffering, and people notice it."

"People shall not notice it," she said, and she kissed him in pure self renunciation. "I am happy," and she tried to change the look, but it had been traced there by the iron instrument whose record is not easily effaced.

One day the look was gone. She reached her hands to him, and he lifted them sadly to his lips. She was absolutely beautiful, but she was dead.

Afterward he loved a selfish woman, and became unselfish. *Marguerite Tracy.*

SOMETHING TO RETRACT.

LIFE was recently pained to observe on the colored page of a contemporary that the U. S. Senate was represented as an unmanageable horse. Now this is an unwarranted reflection on the intelligence of an animal who cannot defend himself. LIFE happens to have some knowledge of the horse, and in all his experience he has never known an animal so ignorant, short-sighted and perverse as to justify such a comparison.

NOT QUITE FULL.

PARKER: I would join the church if it wasn't full of hypocrites.

TUCKER: Oh, you are mistaken about that. There's always room for one more.



STRUCK BY HIS OWN BEAUTY.

## THE CONUNDRUM DRAMA.

THE latest exhibition of the "new movement" in literature, which never tires of announcing itself as the dawn of a better day, is William Sharp's volume of dramatic interludes which he calls "Vistas" (Stone & Kimball). It is beautifully printed, attractively bound, and is provided with all the enticing machinery of a well-made book. There never was a volume that meant to be quite so solemn as this one. But any reader who can get through the dedication without deep laughter deserves to be enrolled immediately among the decadents. In six pages of italic type, Mr. Sharp announces that these "Vistas" (about which he attempts to be very modest) are hints and suggestions of "*that already near and profoundly important development of literary expression which so many of us foresee with eager interest.*" He does not like to be too specific about his own work, but ventures the assertion that these "Vistas" are psychic episodes—"one or two are directly autopsychical, others are renderings of dramatically conceived impressions of spiritual emotion."

All of these, he ventures to hope, lie on the great "borderland for the Imagination between the realms of Prose and Poetry."

In order that future generations may have no doubt about his originality in these epoch-making "interludes," he specifies very particularly the dates and places, when and where they were written—thus cutting out from under the feet of Maeterlinck himself any claim to priority in the invention.

\* \* \*

ALL this preliminary clearing of the decks leads up to eleven little dialogues that with the aid of wide spacing, elaborate stage directions, and big type fill ten or twelve pages each. Robbed of these accessories the dialogue reads like this :

The shadows deepen.

Who art thou ?

On ! On !

Thou.

I see nought. I see no one.

It is Death.

Dost thou not hear ?

At last ! at last !

What ?

Thou knowest.

Which way came we ?

Oh, God ! Oh, God !

I know not.

Thou knowest.

Whither go we ?

Death ! Death !

I know not.

We have omitted some of the intervening dialogue, but it does not add materially to the meaning. Stripped of all persiflage, here we have the first piping notes of the "great creative period" which the author foresees !

An ordinary reader, who does not pretend to be one of the elect, might imagine that he had struck an Ollendorf by mistake, or a conundrum book for amateur minstrels of religious tendencies.

The recipe for making this whole class of dramas ! from Ibsen to Oscar Wilde, is very simple : the actors in turn step to the middle of the stage and ask conundrums about life,

death, love, and sin, which the rest of the company endeavor to answer. These questions are supposed to go right to the root of existing society, and to throw mud on the entire scheme of creation.

Mr. Sharp's conundrums particularly attempt to cover the whole range of existence from "The Birth of a Soul" to "Finis," which means the bad half-hour reserved for men and women immediately after death. He rather suspects and hopes that some people may think them a little wicked—for what is wicked can't be entirely stupid.

We take pleasure in assuring Mr. Sharp that these "Vistas" haven't the good luck to be the least bit wicked. *Droch.*

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*MY STUDY FIRE, Second Series.* By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Judah, An Original Play.* By Henry Arthur Jones. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

*Astor.* By Paul Randall. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry and Company.

*The Captain's Boat.* By William O. Stoddard. New York and St.

Paul: The Merriam Company.

*The Lost Army.* By Thomas S. Knox. New York: The Merriam Company.

*The Land of the Changing Sun.* New York: The Merriam Company.

*The Social Official-Etiquette of the United States.* By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Baltimore: John Murphy and Company.

*In the Dozy Hours and Other Papers.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*A Child of the Age.* By Francis Adams. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: John Lane.



HARD HIT.

"I SAY, MISTER, HAVE YER GOT A PENNY VALENTINE WHAT RHYMES TER MAGGIE ?"

**SHALL WE RESIST  
TEMPTATION?**

THE presumption of these homeopaths is appalling. It appears now that of an equal number of patients treated for grippe they lose eight where the "regular physician" loses thirteen.

This puts us in a quandary.

Shall we stick to the gory old banner, with eight time-honored chances of coming out alive, or shall we call in the irrepressible homeopath and profit by the whole thirteen? In other words, is it  $1\frac{1}{3}$  better to be a dead allopath than a live homeopath? What adds to the embarrassment of the faithful is that grippe often leads to pneumonia, and in pneumonia, according to recent statistics, the homeopath only loses ten patients where the other M.D. loses sixteen patients and nine-tenths of another patient.

Of course, death is preferable to dishonor; but when the candle of life is burning so low that it is a toss up as to recovery, the most conservative and high-minded citizen might be pardoned for wishing to profit by the extra seven-tenths of another chance.

**RING DOWN THE CURTAIN.**

CONSIDERING the money it costs and the actors employed, the biggest burlesque ever organized in this country is the office of the government architect.

Of course, we have all known in a general way that buildings erected by the U. S. Government are not only mortifying caricatures on architecture, but that their cost is always beyond the dreams of common sense.

Mr. Carrère, who was recently offered the position of

supervising architect, declined it, as under existing conditions no one man could bring order out of the present chaos. He remarks incidentally:

"The present condition of this work is in such a disorganized state that it would take the best part of any man's



THE SPIRIT OF CARNIVAL.

time to reorganize the work itself, irrespective of the department. The accumulated waste of money is beyond belief."

It is also interesting to learn that the number of buildings now in course of construction is 115, many of them to cost from five hundred thousand to two million dollars.

And let the taxpayer amuse himself by trying to grasp the position of an architect whose numberless employés hold their positions by an influence beyond his own control.

In other words, if the architect does not like his draughtsman's work he can "lump it."



"GREAT HEAVEN, BEETRICE, HOW LIKE YOUR POOR MOTHER YOU ARE!"



### III.

#### OUR LITERARY CIRCLES.

I DOUBT if there is any community in the world in which literature and art are as fully appreciated as they are in Our Village, and the wonder of it all is that it is only within a few years that we have learned to care for books, pictures, music and the drama with the taste and enthusiasm for which we are now distinguished. A dozen years ago there were no writers or painters in Our Village, or if there were we did not know them—but now quite a number of them are popular and influential members of our little community.

There is even said to be a book in existence—a book which not one of us has the courage to read—which was actually written by Mr. Jackdorff, the crown prince of the dynasty which has raised unto itself on our principal thoroughfare a stately monument in red plush, nickel plate and paper candle shades, and one which contrasts bravely with a piece of architectural impertinence called the Cathedral, which was erected by some people known as The Masses.

If you wish to realize the superiority of the Jackdorfs over the Howard family, whom the English are for ever cracking up, read Charles Lamb's account of the chimney sweep who was found asleep in one of the bedrooms in Arundel Castle, and was actually allowed to go unhung. If Mr. Jackdorff or Mr. Littlebat Titmouse had been Duke of Norfolk at that time such a thing would not have happened, I can assure you.

Among the other noted literary people in Our Village are Mr. Percy Bluebird, the editor of the *Daisy Chain*; Willy Tealeaves, who writes such beautiful descriptions of our clothes and the things that we eat and drink; and

little Robbie Piecrust, who is the principal contributor to the *Daisy Chain*, and therefore a person of no small importance in our little settlement.

Mr. Bluebird is an author as well as an editor, and there is nothing published in the *Daisy Chain* that we like nearly as much as we do Mr. Bluebird's poems, which are published there from time to time and never anywhere else. Indeed, I have been told that Mr. Bluebird, by virtue of some special arrangement with himself, has the exclusive privilege of publishing them in his own beautiful weekly paper. Mr. Bluebird has a style that is peculiarly his own, and can be readily recognized by any one who has the slightest acquaintance with him or his work. None of his poems rhyme; most of them begin with "As one who," and—so strong is their author's individuality—there is not a single one of them that could be mistaken for an oyster knife or an eel pie.

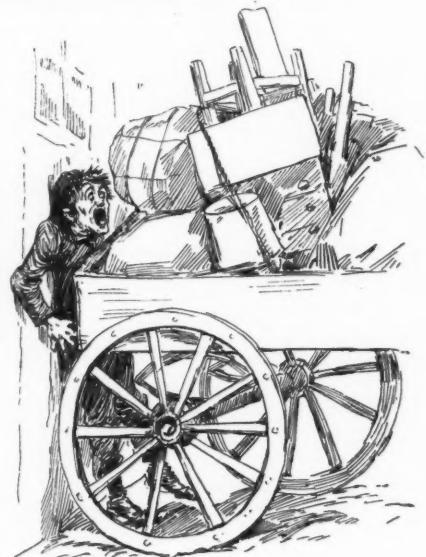
Mrs. Grapevine Twist is not quite as popular a writer as Mr. Bluebird, which is very curious, for she has a good deal of money, entertains very handsomely, and is in many other respects admirably well qualified to set the literary pace for even the most refined and cultivated community. But Mrs. Twist does not write for the *Daisy Chain*, and although Mr. Bluebird is too kind-hearted to say so, it is pretty generally understood that her work is excluded because of a certain suggestion of wickedness in it which would make it distasteful to us as well as to the other readers of that irreproachable journal.

Thank Heaven no one can say anything against the morality of Our Village. So fond are we of all that is pure and good that we prefer the stories in the *Daisy Chain* to those

written by wicked foreigners like Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant; and will not go to see "Camille" unless it be played by a motherly woman who is known to be well past middle life, and has been accustomed to the society of "very nice people."

"Nice people!" That's the stuff from which all true art is brewed and put up in tins expressly for Our Village consumption.

As for Robbie Piecrust, he is deservedly popular, above as well as below stairs, for he appreciates and respects us in a way that is simply charming. And then he writes such charming novels, all of which teach the importance of keeping men-servants. Besides that he is so conscientious in his search for local color that once he disguised himself as a servant and spent a whole week in Jackdorff's servants' hall making studies of the social life of Our Village. And would you believe it, although the only disguise he assumed was a striped vest, not one of the servants suspected that he was not one of them until they read



"EVERYTHING AGAINST HIM."



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.  
HATWORTH, THE RESIDENCE OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

his story "Powder and Shoulder Knots" six months later in the *Daisy Chain*.

But we do not all of us know enough about literature to appreciate the writings of the gifted men and women whom I have mentioned. Indeed, I doubt if any beside the members of Mrs. Peapod's Mental Improvement Class are really qualified to read books or discuss them.

Mrs. Peapod was one of us until her husband engaged in some speculations that proved so disastrous that his money was all gone before he had time to recoup himself through the bankruptcy courts. Thereupon Mrs. Peapod started her Mutual Improvement Class, having first of all devoted nearly three months to the study of English and foreign literature. A great many of us joined, and really those meetings are perfectly delightful, for we take turns pouring tea, and have learned ever so much about lots of famous writers. Mrs. Peapod arranges them all in groups, and although we have only been with her one winter she has brought us down through Matthew Arnold, and Byron, and Carlyle, and Dante,

and Emerson, and Finkelstein—was that his name, I wonder?—to Gilder and Goethe, and as she illustrates her talks with a magic lantern it's an easy thing for us to understand all that she tells us.

I often wonder how people ever learned anything about literature before magic lanterns were invented. I'm sure they never learned as much as we do, because Professor Wisemore, who has been teaching literature in some college for the past twenty years, dropped in at the close of one of our meetings one day, and heard us talking about Ibsen and someone else, (I've forgotten who it was but I know he began with an "I" because we had just had him that day for the first time) and do you know that the professor hadn't a word to say, but just sat there with his mouth open listening to us talk!

*James L. Ford.*



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.  
PHILADELPHIA IN SUMMER, SHOWING THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER IN BACKGROUND.

"I LOST my head completely. And then I kissed her!"

"I don't quite see how you managed it!"

• L E •



LOVE'S LOTTERY

• L E •



VE'S LOTTERY.



THEATRE-HAT LEGISLATION.

JUST now there seems to be an epidemic among the law-makers of the various States to deal by law with the problem of the theatre-hat. The offence of wearing to a place of amusement any head-gear which obstructs the view of any other spectator is to be made a crime punishable by various tortures, varying all the way from immersion in boiling oil to subcutaneous injections of good taste and common sense. In some of the proposed legislation the theatre manager is made a *particeps criminis*, with penalties varying all the way from two dollars to six dollars and a quarter.

Dear hayseed legislators, do you not think that in your proposed remedy for a crying evil you have failed to show a due sense of proportion? If a woman makes herself a public nuisance, if she has no kindness of heart or regard for the pleasure of others, it is not entirely her fault. She may never have had the advantages of decent breeding. She has probably ascended from the slums and has no other place to show her finery except at the theatre or on the street. She doesn't know as she sits in the complacent enjoyment of the queer head-gear she wears that people with better taste are perhaps pitying her for her lack of early advantages. If she happens to be a Jewess, she probably thinks that any reflections on her vulgarity are simply evidences of race prejudice. It seems hardly just to punish severely these poor creatures who sin from ignorance and lack of breeding.

The real offender is the theatre manager. He can with perfect ease and entirely within his rights refuse admission to his seats to any person who is not decently clad. He can also cause to be ejected from his premises any person who disturbs the performance or who interferes with the enjoyment of it by the other spectators. The suppression of the theatre-hat has always rested in the hands of the managers. But they are out for the dollar, and they know they have their male patron at a disadvantage. If they once secure his dollar-and-a-half, what do they care whether he sees the show or not? If they eject a woman because she persists in obscuring his view, they know they have secured a talkative enemy who will never surrender.

What you should do, dear legislators, is to remove the boiling oil from the vulgar or ignorant she-person who wears the hat, and apply it to the theatre manager who ejects forcibly the man who objects to the hat in loud and angry tones. The man has a far better right to disturb the performance by his objections than the she-person has to obstruct the view of the man who has paid for his seat. Therefore, oh, wise law-makers, establish that if any theatre



Anxious Father: A BOY?



The Newcomer: SOLD AGAIN! I'M A GIRL!

---

manager shall not at once eject from the seats of his house any she-person or he-person who knows so little as to wear her or his hat after becoming seated, the aforesaid manager shall have an entire bath-tub full of boiling oil to himself, and shall likewise refund to every spectator ten times the price of his or her ticket upon legal proof that a hatted or bonneted person has been permitted to occupy a seat.

Once establish this law and The American Society for the Suppression of Theatre Hats will see that it is properly enforced, besides enriching its treasury by the collection of penalties.

\* \* \*

**W**E sincerely hope that Mr. Beerbohm Tree won't go back to England and write a book about America. We are very sensitive in the matter of British criticism, and Mr. Tree's experiences would really seem to give a firm foundation for severe strictures on this country. The first thing we do to him on his arrival is to set his hotel on fire and subject the dignified actor to the ordeal of a public appearance in *demi-toilette*. Then he takes a little jump

over to Washington with his company to appear at a benefit and we spring a blizzard on him so he can't get back to New York in time for his own performance. We beg to extend to Mr. Tree our expressions of sincere regret and to assure him that all this is really no fault of America; also to beg that he will forgive those little occurrences which really were unintentional and had no personal application. If Mr. Tree would provide himself with the left hind-foot of a rabbit secured in a graveyard at midnight during the full of the moon, he would very likely escape further annoyance. All Americans carry them, and it is too bad that some of his British friends had not informed Mr. Tree of the fact before he came to this country.

ONE remarkable consequence of the "Sans Gêne" craze is the number of actors who are beginning to look like Napoleon. We do not know whether this comes from unconscious sympathy or a due regard to prospective engagements with Napoleonic barn-storming companies, but it is a fact that one cannot throw a stone on the Rialto without striking an actor who is either posing, wearing his baldness, or tackling a free-lunch in the true Napoleonic manner. The free-lunch imitation is, of course, after the manner of Napoleon's early days, but is perhaps more successful than the others. It is too bad that Napoleon cannot come back and see himself as actors imitate him.

*Metcalfe.*



"A LIVELY VISIT IN PHILADELPHIA! THEN THEY ARE NOT AS SLOW AS WE HEAR THEY ARE?"

"OH, YES THEY ARE! WHY, JUST THE OTHER DAY A WOMAN OVER THERE DIDN'T DIE TILL SHE WAS 121 YEARS OLD."



AN OBLIGING PARENT.

YOUNG Gotnix yearned for fair Miss Rich,  
A large, incessant yearn;  
And yet he feared unspeakably  
To ask her parents stern.  
  
But, lo! when he approached her sire,  
And stood distraught with doubt,  
The old man rose to meet the youth,  
And straightway helped him out.

THE worthy beadle in a rural district in Perthshire had become too feeble to perform his duties as minister's man and grave-digger, and had to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after a few months had elapsed Sandy (the beadle) died, and Tammas (his erstwhile assistant) had to perform the last service for his late partner. The minister, a bit of a wag, strolled up to Tammas while he was giving the finishing touches to the grave and casually remarked: "Have you put Sandy weel down, Tammas?" "I hev that, sir," said Tammas, very decidedly. "Sandy may get up, but he'll be among the hindmost."—*Halifax Chronicle*.

"UNC' TOBY," a man for whom Bartlett's creek has more attractions than the hot and grassy cotton field, not long ago took a "day off" in pursuit of his favorite amusement. He baited his hook and long and patiently sat upon the bank of the stream, vainly waiting for a bite. At last, under the combined influence of the warmth of the day and the sluggish movement of the stream, Unc' Toby fell asleep. Eternal vigilance is the price of trout, and while our weary angler slept an enormous fish took the bait and pulled him in the creek. Of course this awakened the old man, and he was overheard to inquire as he floundered about in the water: "For de Lord's sake, Toby, am dis niggah a-fishin', or am dis fish a-niggerin'?"—*Youth's Companion*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Prior to the close of our Season's Fur business, we have especially great inducements to present during this month. The following are some of the prices:

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\$250, now \$150 and \$175  
Electric Seal Capes.

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\$50, " " \$30.  
\$35, " " \$20.

Small Furs for Neckwear; Muffs; and every other item in the stock, will be sold proportionately low. This is a rare opportunity for bargains.

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Also Broadway and 27th Street.

AN old man, with the appearance of a farmer, stood in the doorway of a C Street business house, holding an ancient valise and gazing upon the surging throng. The proprietor of the place approached him, laid a hand on his arm, and said, pleasantly,

"My dear sir, loitering in this doorway is—" "You needn't dear sir me," interrupted the farmer. "I know that I look like hayseed, and that my whiskers grow the wrong way, and that my coat is covered with stains, but no oily-tongued stranger can work me, by gosh. I do live in the country, I'm not ashamed of it, but I read the papers, and I'm up to all the dodges you fell have. So if you are trying to work off a gold brick or want me to cash a draft \$5,000, you are wasting your time."

"I am not that sort of a man; I am the proprietor—"

"Of a gambling-house along here somewhere? Well, you can't pilot me to when I left home my wife told me that I would be echerched before I got back, because my teeth are filled with sand-burrs and my clothes show where the calves have rubbed against me, and anybody would size me up for an old jay on a lay-off, but I read papers, and no green-goods man can work me for a cent. I know your racket, you man; you'll pump me for information about my home and my neighbors and find that I am Giles Overborck, of Coles County; and then you'll leave me; and when I have walked a block along I'll come your partner with smiles an inch thick on him, and he'll grab my hand and say, 'Hello, Mr. Overborck, how's things at Charleston?' And then I'll grab him and pry up the street-car tracks with him. Oh, I tell you, I read the paper if the English sparrows do build their nests in my hair, and no oily-tongued stranger gets the edge on me."

Then the proprietor grabbed the farmer and jammed him into the corner of the doorway, and cried:

"I'm the proprietor of this place, and I do not allow loafing in the doorway. I hear that, you old lung tester? Now git!"

The farmer gathered up his valise and got.—*Chicago Tribune*.

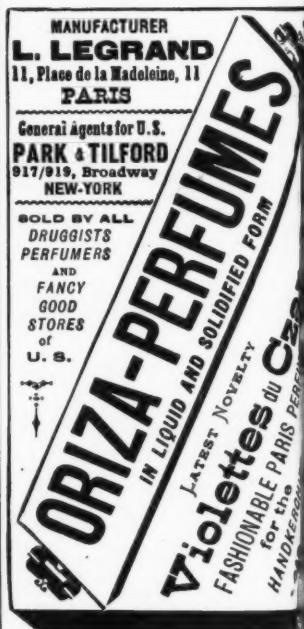
A STORY of Scotch honesty comes from Dundee. A small boy had taken the paper for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

"Who helped you with this map, James?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Come now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"

"No, sir, he did it all."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.



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"THEY say old Smith never subscribed for a newspaper?"

"Never."

"Where is he now?"

"Blowin' out the gas in some hotel." —Atlanta Constitution.

WATTS: So you don't believe that the good die young?

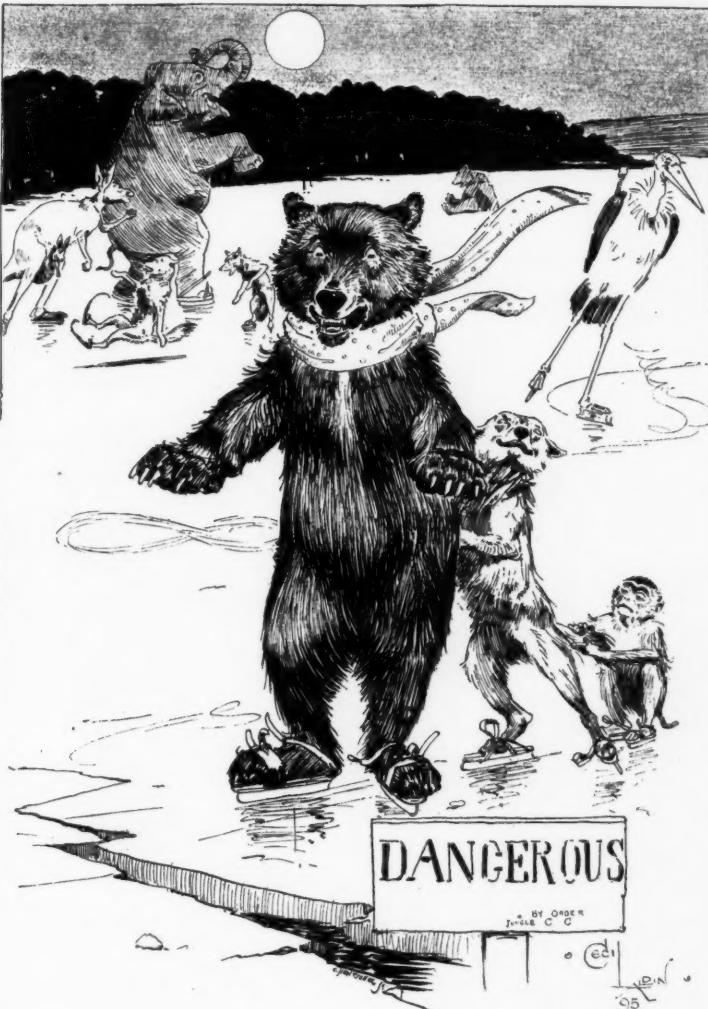
POTTS: That used to worry me a good deal when I was a boy, but I know better now.—Indianapolis Journal.

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—From the Pall Mall Budget.

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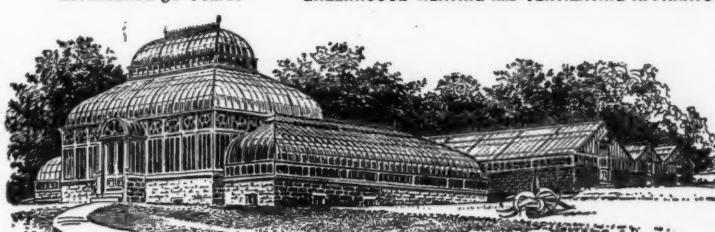
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—From *Pall Mall Budget*.

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## Fox Hunting in the United States.

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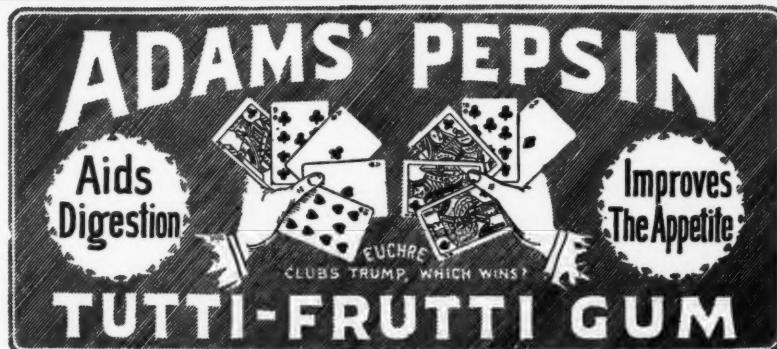
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—IN—

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THE TRIAL TRIP OF A CRUISER, by WILLIAM FLOYD SICARD; HEARTS INSURGENT, by THOMAS HARDY; and FOUR SHORT STORIES are some other striking features.

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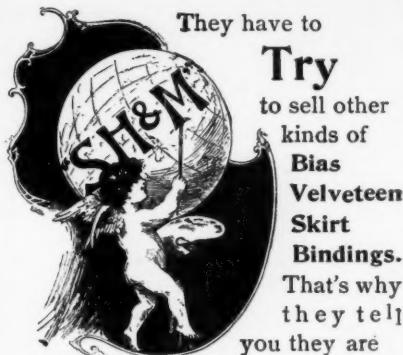
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• LIFE •



CHICAGO boasts a new Mrs. Partington. Indeed, Mrs. Partington and Mrs. Malaprop of sacred memory must look to their laurels. They never were millionaire's wives, or, I fear me, leaders of society. As for those famous allegories on the banks of the Nile, the Chicago dame has long ago made them blush for their quiet commonplaceness. If you don't believe it, listen to this. The husband of this new apostle of Malapropism had taken unto himself a costume for a fancy ball. And his wife thus describes him to the people who drink her wine and eat her dinners:

"Then he came in in the garbage of a monk, and all I could say was, 'Exit homo!'"

A MASSACHUSETTS official who spent several years in Kentucky, tells the story of a judge somewhat given to bibulousness. After a night with the boys, the judge was considerably "how-come-you-so," and for a lark the mischief lovers reversed the wheels on his honor's old cradle-shape wagon, putting the forewheels behind and the hind wheels in front, thus raising the fore part of the wagon to an unwonted eminence. When he reached home, near morning, his wife naturally wanted to know where he had been all night. He explained by saying in uncertain tones—

"Maria, I've been to Louisville. I started in good season, but it was ten miles, and up hill all the way."—*Boston Transcript*.

A NEWSPAPER funny man has invented not an absolutely fresh, but a comparatively new joke upon a very old subject.

Miss Timid was talking about her own nervousness, and her various night alarms.

"Did you ever find a man under your bed, Mrs. Bluff?" she asked.

"Yes," said that worthy woman. "The night we thought there were burglars in the house I found my husband there."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE journey was long, and the old lady with the plaid shawl thought to beguile the time by a conversation with the tailor made girl who sat with her.

"Live in the city?" asked the old lady.

"Yes. Work there," answered the girl and said nothing more.

"Might I ask what you work at?"

"Figures."

This seemed discouraging, but the old lady plucked up her nerve and asked:

"Figures? Livin' picters or bookkeepin'?"—*Washington Star*.

A DETROIT man the other day received a sudden invitation from a Kentucky friend of his to come down and join a hunting party about to start out for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but he didn't know what kind of game was to be the object, so he sent this telegram for instructions:

"All right. What shall I bring?"

A few hours later he received this reply:

"Corkscrews; we have the rest."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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A PERIPATETIC exhibitor of the phonograph in Holland seems determined to distance all competitors as regards the excellence of his records. He was exhibiting his machine in the streets of Utrecht and a number of customers were listening to selection of tunes. Suddenly the tune ceased and there was a pause. Then in a loud, clear tone was heard the one word, "Halt!" delivered in a tone bespeaking authority. "What is that?" asked one of the listeners. "That," was the reply, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo!"—*London Daily News*.

TREETOP: Now, jes' look at that sign, "Don't Blow Out the Gas."

HAYRICK: What does it mean?

TREETOP: They probably want us to call a boy to do it, so they can charge us cents more on our bill.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

"My friend," said the candidate for Sheriff of Cheyenne, drawing a one-eyed stranger closer to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make \$5 easy to-night?"

"Yep."

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will do this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout, 'Yes, sir, will.' You are a liar and I can prove it!" and read from this clipping. "Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V. nevertheless. Is it a go?"

"None."

"Why not?"

"I tried the same thing in Butte City a year ago, and the candidate jumped on me so hard that the audience kicked me out of the hall and rode me out of town on a rail, didn't get the five, either. Try it on some one else—I've been there."—*Boston Herald*.

"THIS is a queer town, this Boston," said an old country gentleman who arrived from a remote rural district for a visit to a friend in Roxbury. "I had to pay twenty-five cents down town for a little dish of white ice-cream; and then I rode miles and miles on one of the new fangled cars for five cents. I gave the man fifty cents, and I shouldn't have thought anything of it if I'd got back no change at all. It was worth fifty cents just to hitch up to go so far. Only five cents for all that ride, and twenty-five cents for two spoonfuls of white cream! Queer town, this!"—*Boston Transcript*.

THE average Englishman is public-spirited, and for the public good denounces any imposition upon himself, no matter how slight it may be. Near the summit of the Rigi Mountain, in Switzerland, there is a hotel frequented by people who wish to see the sunrise over the Alps.

A "complaint book" is kept, in which travelers record real or fancied grievances. Recently this book was found to contain the following entry:

"I desire to call the attention of the management and the general public to the fact that I have been up here two mornings for the express purpose of seeing the sun rise from this mountain; and that on both occasions I have seen nothing whatever but clouds."

"One failure to keep the understanding with me—an implied contract—I might have passed over, but two failures I regard as a distinct imposition."

J. ROBINSON, Liverpool.

"THE other day I was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'That is the first robin,' said he, 'that I have heard this spring.'"

## LIFE'S MONTHLY CALENDAR.

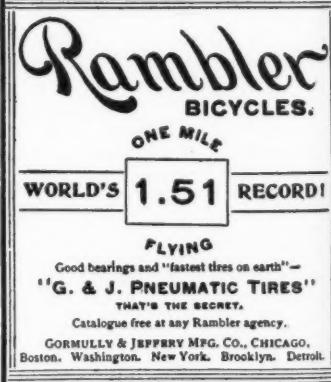
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